

A Home for Heritage

On the outskirts of Oklahoma City, settled onto the crest of Persimmon Hill, stands the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center. Completed just three years ago, it is one of the nation's major museums and is dedicated to preserving, for present and future generations, the facts, the legends, the towering personalities, the way of life, the sweep and hard splendor of the American West.

If there was one single attribute of character that the pioneers who built and developed the West had in common, it was courage. It took men and women with this quality to push the frontier of the U.S., in a little more than 100 years, from the Allegheny Mountains across a hostile continent to the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

The course of some of the most colorful of Western history brushed close to the Hall of Fame site of Persimmon Hill. Just a few hundred yards away, tens-of-thousands of longhorn steers cut a deep trail in the red earth as they moved in giant cattle drives up the fabled Chisholm Trail from the rangelands of Texas to Kansas markets. The opening of the Oklahoma Territory saw the land rush of the 89'ers. Claims were staked just south of Persimmon Hill creating a town of some 10,000 people virtually overnight—so Oklahoma City had its birth.

Within the Hall of Fame's rooms and halls are chuckwagons and stage coaches, the famous guns of the West—the single action six-shooters, the Winchester repeating rifles and gaiting guns. There are life-sized models of soldiers, Indians, and ranchers. There is the best in Western art, in painting and statuary, to preserve the form and color and life of the times.

On Highway 66, less than a quarter of a mile from Persimmon Hill, it is said that each year more than 7.5 million cars carrying over 18 million people pass. Many will stop and be enriched by the experience. They will go on their way with renewed awareness of our Western heritage and a sense of the courage and independence that we must carry to the task of preserving and building this nation which our forefathers gave us.

Opinions of Others

Newspapers probably wear out the reading public about politics during a political year, particularly so when it comes to the time when a candidate or candidates are up for endorsement. . . . Now, with all of this being said, we'd like to state how we intend to go about endorsing candidates this year. We're going to be for the guy who can say the least about doing the most at the least cost to we taxpayers. In other words, the guy who doesn't promise to do everything for everybody at no cost will get the word here.—*Canton (N.C.) Enterprise*.

Freedom is not something to set up on a pedestal like a trophy to admire. Freedom is something to use to make life worthwhile. . . . It is the opportunity to work and to impose self-restraint and to respect the rights of others. Only those who can use freedom wisely can have freedom long.—*Poseyville (Ind.) News*.

William McChesney Martin, Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, says that this country today is living in a 'Fool's Paradise' financially. Certainly we are; we have been for a long time. But Martin's dire prediction of financial disaster to come unless we mend our ways will fall on deaf ears: nobody wants to listen. And the merry-go-round will keep right on rolling.—*Idaho Falls (Ida.) Eastern Idaho Farmer*.

Man is equal before God and before the law. Beyond that there are so many variables in individuals that it is impossible to legislate equality. This country was built by highly motivated people who did not want to be average, they wanted to excel. Equality is a delusion, it is something to strive for but will not be attained until we arrive at some highly improbable Utopia.—*Elk Point (S.D.) Leader-Courier*.

It is obvious that unless something extraordinary comes we will have more and more and not less and less government domination. . . . Now and then it might be a good idea to refuse a government subsidy until you are sure it is 'really' good. Something for nothing just never exists and remember the government has nothing to spend but OUR MONEY.—*Damariscott (Me.) News*.

Morning Report:

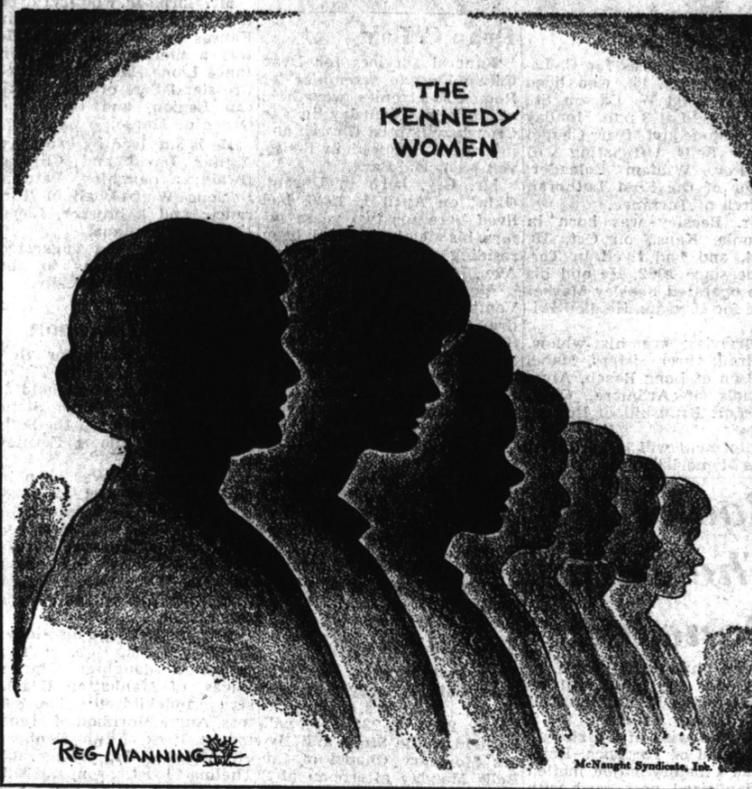
There's no telling what's going to happen to us consumers now that the stores have to tell us what they are charging for their friendly credit service. The new "Truth-in-Lending" law may come as the biggest shock since \$2-down-and-\$2-a-week was invented.

Without this law, no less than 200,000 consumers went into bankruptcy last year. This state comes about when a citizen finally figures out that the total of his weekly payments is larger than his weekly pay check.

Maybe the new law will cut down on the number of bankrupts. But the number of people who will flip completely when they learn the truth about going in the hole on a regular weekly or monthly basis may be more than our mental hospitals can handle.

Abe Mellinkoff

Profiles In Courage



HERB CAEN SAYS:

Old Ferryboat Now Rocks To the Strum of Guitars

The Walking Caen . . . (or, My Sunday, by H. Eugene Caen, age 52 but I don't look it) . . . So there I was, sauntering along the waterfront, trying to recapture the salty spirit and tarry smell of Alt San Francisco. Dirty trenchcoat collar up, cigarette dangling from lips a la Bogart in his prime—I was doing the whole thing, even to brushing roughly past supplanting winos. "Outta my way," I snarled. "I'm doing my bit to fight poverty, I'm working." No Bircher could have said it better: "Impeach Earl Warren," I added, to see how it sounded. It sounded lousy.

While thus immersed in play-acting, and kicking at imaginary rats bigger than Weimarers, a distinctly non-waterfront blast caught my ear. Was I hearing the unmistakable electronic strains of a rock 'n' roll band, or were my psychodelic senses playing tricks? Suddenly, a figure emerged from the shadows, wearing a pea jacket with real peasoup stains on the lapels. After looking this way and that, he whispered, "Follow me."

We picked our way through shadowy passageways to an area of abandoned piers. A final turn, and we emerged into sunlight. And there, like a lively ghost of the past, stood the white hulk of the old ferryboat, San Leandro, last unreconstructed survivor of what was once the greatest ferry fleet in the world.

My ears had not been playing tricks. On the stern of the main deck, the rock group known as Liberty Street — five young men, long hair fluttering like banners—was flailing away, creating waves of sound that rolled out over the green Bay waters.

"What's it all about, Alfie?" I asked a pleasant looking young man wearing

Report From Our Man In San Francisco

accepted hippie garb (clean) and wavy blond hair (ditto). "My name isn't Alfie, it's Phil," he said. "I'm captain of this ship. And also manager of The Wedge — that another rock group. We all live aboard the San Leandro. This is getting to be rock headquarters for the Bay Area."

The ferry is largely intact — the ventilators, the ropes, the blowers, the lock-erful of orange life-jackets that still look new, never having had to face an emergency. The big main cabin

still has its rows of benches, where commuters once sat, reading the papers, playing their bridge games, or simply gazing out at the finest land-locked harbor in the world.

I had forgotten that the ferries lasted well into the nuclear age — till I found, framed under glass in the wheelhouse, a printed announcement from the Coast Guard headed "Atomic Attack Instructions" (among other things, you should "throw yourself to the ground, face down")

Liberty Street was still pounding away as I left the San Leandro — a trip on a ship that's going nowhere. The ferryboat era may be long gone, but the last of the ferries is still swinging, very much a part of Now and Today.

Barrel's bottom: Wells Fargo Bank's Don Gross rec'd a personal letter from S.F. Postmaster Lim Poon Lee that arrived six cents postage due and he still can't believe it. . . . Clothing merchant Dave Falk, sired down by a motorcycle cop for making an illegal left turn, jumped out of the car to ask anxiously: "What's the problem, officer?" "I got no problem," drawled the cop. "YOU'VE got a problem." . . . Local Demo, delivering an impassioned plug for Hubert Humphrey: "He has such a brilliant mind that he sometimes gives the impression of an-

swering a question without even thinking." And that's the politics of joy (but what do we call it after the bourbon runs out?)

Marian Cobb cleverly suggests a theme song for the Vietnam peace conference: "Averellin Paris." But it's beginning to look like H-a-double-r-i-m-a-n spells deadlock. . . . Hashbury graffiti caught by the eagle eye of Jim Pritchard: "Give me librium or give me meth!" Poor Patrick Henry.

Charlie, the famed poodle, wasn't John Steinbeck's only dog. He once had a big old sheepdog that became the first dog ever allowed onto the observation platform of the Empire State Building. When the guard tried to stop him, John shouted: "You've heard of seeing-eye dogs, haven't you?" The guard nodded, "Well, continued John at the top of his lungs, "I'm deaf and this dog listens for me." Sorry, sir. Enter . . . Malcolm Muggeridge, the muggishish British editor, after a tour of the U.S.: "The motel is the perfect image of American society. Behind all that bogus sheen and plastic opulence, the whole thing is absolutely gimcrack." I believe Muggeridge, being a square, missed the whole point of motels. . . . Local wit, musing away: "Ever notice how Julia Childs always looks like she's been at the cooking sherry?"

WILLIAM HOGAN

Self-Therapy for a Brooding Swede

The trouble with some autobiographers is that they think nobody else has troubles. Take Jan Myrdal, a brooding, cheerless Swede, son of the celebrated anthropologist Gunnar Myrdal and, in his own right, author of "Report from a Chinese Village," a respected analysis of a fascinating society

Browsing Through the World of Books

which appeared a few seasons ago. The title of Jan Myrdal's new book is promising, "Confessions of a Disloyal European." It becomes less promising as one proceeds into it; less autobiography, in its journalistic style, than an attempt at self-therapy.

He suggests that nobody knows the troubles he's

seen. The West, guilty of slaughter and inhumanity to man, has disappointed him. He rebels against the European tradition. He can't stand his native Sweden (he grew up there and in the United States), or Norway, or Britain. He hid too long in the shadow of his eminent father. He finds that "without liquor and music life would be unbearable." He engages in self-flagellation over the suicide of a young girl friend, the victim of "a well-ordered society."

Myrdal seems always to be lying on some unmade bed, blinds drawn, training himself in yoga, brooding, or logging his dark thoughts as though he were Feodor Dostoyevsky, which isn't. With all his extravagant neuroses, Myrdal seems to be just another member of an

J. EDGAR HOOVER REPORTS

Just Closing Our Eyes Won't Slay the Dragon

The story is told of a mythical young knight who rode out to encounter his first fire-breathing dragon. When he stopped the beast, he froze with fear. He closed his eyes and hoped the monster would go away. He was wrong, of course, and the dragon devoured him.

We have on the loose in our country today a predatory monster called crime. It is growing in size and violence. Its far-reaching forages threaten every city and hamlet in the Nation, and it strikes fear in the hearts and minds of the law-abiding public. It is ripping away at the very fiber of our society and our system of government.

The story of alarming crime increases each year is not a new story. It is old and it is true. One appalling aspect is the fact that many people in positions of responsibility continue to deny this truth. They prefer to close their eyes and hope that crime, if ignored, will go away. Here, as with the mythical young knight, this wishful approach is doomed to failure.

Concerted efforts have been made to minimize the seriousness of the crime problem and to explain the crime statistics. It is suggested that our population increase is responsible for a corresponding rise in the

rate of crime, and that extensive population growth of the crime-prone young age group has not been taken into account in crime figures. Under close examination, as has been shown before, these arguments do not measure up.

For instance, our population increased approximately 10 per cent from 1960 through 1967. During that period, the volume of serious crimes rose 88 per cent. Thus, crime outpaced the population growth by almost 9 to 1. The young age group population, 10 to 17 years, climbed 22 per cent from 1960 through 1967. Arrests of persons in this category for all criminal acts increased 72 per cent during the same period.

We hear the claim that improved police reporting methods account for some of the rise in crime and that now citizens are more willing to report to police. These suppositions are weak. Actually, agencies which update their reporting systems are not included in the national trend totals until they have established at least two comparable years under the revised operations. This is done purposely to avoid any paper increase which might result from the change. As to more crime being reported to police, most persons would concur that armed robbery and murder, with isolated

exceptions, are consistently reported year after year. Consequently, with minor fluctuations, the annual totals for these two crimes should remain fairly constant. Yet, in 1967, armed robbery increased 30 per cent above the 1966 figure, and murder rose 12 per cent.

Let us not forget that crime statistics are based on violations known to police. We know that there are unlawful acts which are not reported by citizens to police agencies. This will always be true. This factor was known to and recognized by the police administrators, social scientists, and experts on law and public administration who authored the Uniform Crime Reporting program in the late 1920s. The concept is not new, and the fact remains that the criminal justice agencies can only work with those offenses reported to them or detected by them.

The answer to our Nation's crime problem will be found in direct, positive action — not by waiting and hoping the problem will go away. A good beginning would be to let the guilty criminal know that when he is arrested, he will be promptly prosecuted and substantially punished for his misdeeds. A good time to begin would be NOW.

FROM THE MAILBOX

Councilman Outlines Stand on Hiring Policies

To the Editor: I want to clarify the interpretation as reported by the paper last Wednesday (May 29, 1968) as to my position regarding the appointment of a Torrance accountant.

To the contrary as reported, I am very much in favor of making all promotions in the city of Torrance from the promotional list of our own employees whenever possible. As it was reported in the paper, it would appear that I am opposed to this, which is completely untrue. I am and always have been opposed to going "outside" for applicants when there are qualified people in our own city.

I am in favor of providing a method of assuring the selection of the best qualified applicant and the rule of three does this. My vote against amending the ordinance was based on the interpretation that the existing ordinance already provided that the highest score on the promotional list should have been selected, thus nullifying the selection of the third score to the open list that was made by the administration.

This would make the amendment unnecessary. However, since the city at-

torney has ruled that the civil service ordinance is not clear on this point, an amendment to make this point clear is needed. In 1967, the same type of situation was evident in the case of a Torrance garbage man. The City Council was firm at that time that promotion from within our city employees was preferable to outside promotions.

It is therefore difficult to understand how we are faced again with a repetition of the same problem. I fully intend to investigate the incident further.

WILLIAM J. UERKWITZ
Torrance City Council

Editor, Press-Herald: Tragedy has overshadowed all joy in victory won by me and other public officials in the primary election.

I thank the citizens of the Second District who overwhelmingly re-elected me. I consider this vote a fine example of democracy both in the nation and in the County of Los Angeles, in that it was cast on the basis of ability and record in office, not on the basis of race.

KENNETH HAHN
County Supervisor

Editor, Press-Herald: "I am shocked by this

senseless act of violence. Kennedy's assassination is the result of someone feeling he could take the law into his own hands — and without fear of punishment. This is an attitude that cannot be tolerated. We must fight back at this trend of violence and lawlessness quickly. Each individual and each family unit must dedicate itself to the country and the community.

Let us make this a starting point to become more active in public service, to participate in community efforts, and thereby weld a unified force that could not possibly give rise to such incidences as this recent heinous crime."

JOE BLATCHFORD
GOP Nominee
17th District

Quote

I have always felt that simply pumping more money into the schools is no guarantee that improvement will result. Brains and talent — and the application of them — are a better bet.—Senator George Miller Jr.